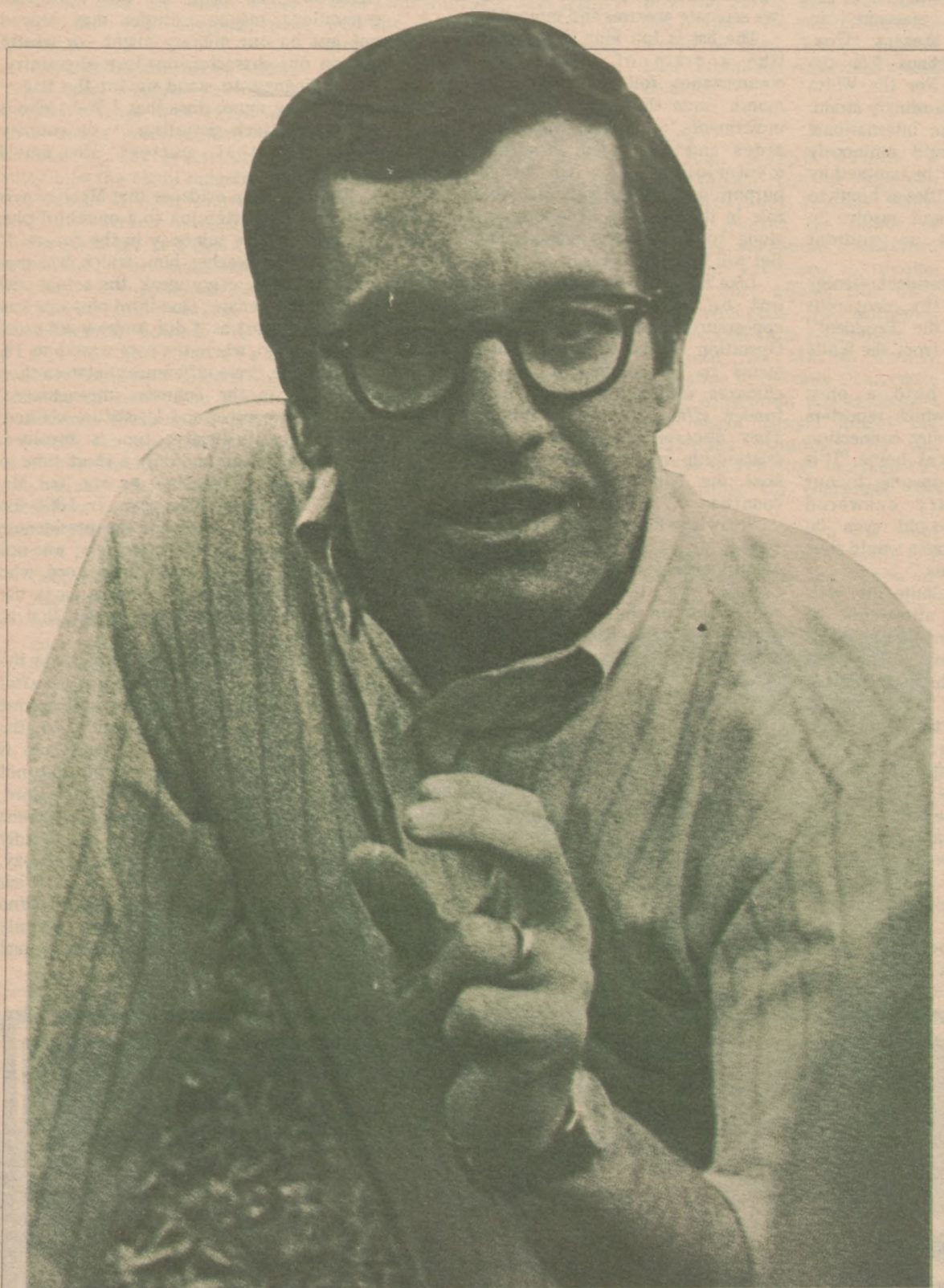


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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

OSCEOLA



Charles D. Ravenel

The plight of the blind

by Jon Buchan

The eight-year history of the South Carolina Commission for the Blind has been short, but it has certainly been stormy. One year ago this month, the commission found itself embroiled in a complex public controversy over its administration. The Commission's board of directors voted 3-2 to fire Dr. Fred Crawford, who had been executive director of the Commission since its inception. The two members who voted to retain Crawford then brought suit against board chairman Richard Neihardt and board member Dr. Michael Holmes, an ophthalmologist. The suit charged that Holmes had profited excessively from services to the blind which were paid for by the

issues and take a positive note."

For the past several months, the public profile of the commission has certainly been low. At centers like the vocational rehabilitation training center in Columbia, the training of blind clients—from 16 to 65 years old—has progressed with most of the clients receiving daily one to one instruction. The clients have come, stayed three (or as many as eight) months, and often been placed in good jobs. And there are plans to begin building a new comprehensive training center in Columbia in June.

During the week of March 20 (1974), however, the bubble

"...All we are asking for is different houseparents and a different dormitory to avoid the harassment by the motel managers..."

commission. Chairman Neihardt defended Holmes and the majority's decision to fire Crawford by accusing the department of failing to provide adequate services for the blind.

Neihardt cited a report stating that halfway through that fiscal year, only 24 percent of the department's funds for services for the blind had been committed to projects. He also said only 50 percent of the applications for vocational rehabilitation had been processed.

In April, the South Carolina Aurora Club for the Blind charged Neihardt with opposing the original creation of the commission and said he had contributed to the ineffectiveness of vocational programs. In May, the commission hired Henry Watts as the new executive director. In July, Neihardt resigned as chairman of the commission. For months afterward the problems of the commission were not visible to the public. As Henry Watts has explained it, "It's our tact to be low-key and low profile this year, to play down the volatile

popped. Commission director Henry Watts suddenly announced that the commission was closing its Columbia training center "temporarily", and sending most of the clients home. In an article published two days later in *The State* newspaper, Watts explained that for the past seven months the 18 to 20 clients had been housed in a motel on the outskirts of Columbia because of a shortage of housing space at State Park, where they had been housed until eight months ago. The students have been bussed twice daily to State Park for meals and have attended training sessions at the center in downtown Columbia.

Watts said the reason for the closing was friction between the staff and students stemming from problems of "logistics" in moving the students from place to place. He said sending the students home would provide a chance to "cool things off" and prevent the friction from growing into permanent damage. He repeated his explanation of "logistics" problems in a WIS-TV interview (Continued on page five)

Who's Pug Ravenel?

by Jim Walser

Try this storybook "success" fable on for size:

...Born and raised in Charleston, the son of a Navy Yard sheet metal worker and the grandson of a roofer, he labored -- like so many ambitious young boys, as a newspaper delivery boy while going through school. A newsboy scholarship, after-hour jobs and high marks gained him a year at the prestigious Phillips

Exeter Academy, and later, combinations of those same elements led to a bachelors degree from Harvard and a Masters Degree from Harvard Business School. During his college years, he overcame his lack of size to be a *Street and Smith Magazine* All-American candidate as a Harvard quarterback, and ignored that nasty Yankee prejudice against Southerners to become president of his graduating class.

Immediately after business school, a fellowship allowed him to visit 27 countries in less than a year, studying economic and social conditions. Later he was a White House Fellow in the Office of the Treasury, charged with arranging meetings between Wall Street financial bigwigs and politicians from Lyndon Johnson to Henry Kissinger. From there is was to Wall Street himself for nine years (Continued on page four)

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbuktu"

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TRB

from Washington

One third plus one

Americans awoke one morning last October to discover that the President overnight had declared a worldwide military alert. American air, ground and sea forces all 'round the globe were in a state of readiness; so were planes loaded with nuclear bombs. It came near the end of the Middle East war and just five days after the so-called "Saturday Night massacre" in Washington in which Messrs. Cox, Richardson and Ruckelshaus left the administration explosively. For the White House it was a time of extraordinary strain.

"There are those in the international community," Mr. Nixon said ominously four days earlier, "who may be tempted by our Watergate-related difficulties at home to misread America's unity and resolve in meeting the challenges we confront abroad."

And crusty AFL-CIO president George Meany asked about "the dangerous emotional instability of the President" which brought cries of rage from the White House.

Secretary Kissinger held a press conference that noon at which reporters asked whether there were any connection between the alert and events at home. "It is a symptom of what is happening to our country," the Secretary answered sorrowfully, "that it could even be suggested that the United States would alert its forces for domestic reasons."

He promised that the minute the crisis was over, within a week afterwards, he would make an explanation of the alert. Actually the crisis passed very quickly. But Mr. Kissinger didn't give his explanation. People were left wondering.

Since then the strain on the beleaguered President has been building up to another peak. On October 31, the astonished nation found that two of the tapes, after all, were missing. In December came the record of Mr. Nixon's extraordinary tax returns. This followed the earlier disclosure of all the money the government had spent fixing up the President's private homes in California and Florida.

But there would be "no more sensations." Operation Candor was

undertaken; this would be an aggressive period of speeches and travel that would "turn it around." Buzhardt, White House special counsel, came out from the court to reveal the 18½ minute erasure in another tape. In mid-January a panel of technical experts, approved by the White House, reported that the gap was caused by at least five separate erasures and rerecordings.

The list is too long to recapitulate; it is like a train of cars — one adverse circumstance follows another. Early this month came the long awaited grand jury indictments of former top White House aides and the sealed briefcase handed mysteriously over to Judge Sirica, purportedly dealing with Mr. Nixon's own role in the cover-up. The judge will pass it along to the House Judiciary committee. But will the public ever be allowed to see it?

Like a rerun, Mr. Nixon has now started out on another frenetic series of appearances and speeches. It isn't called Operation Candor this time. But the cycle seems to be coming to another of its climaxes with a new tough emphasis on foreign affairs. Americans rub their eyes. They discover that there is an adversary relationship in a new quarter, Europe, or at least the Nine — the Common Market counties.

"Now the Europeans cannot have it both ways," Mr. Nixon sternly told his audience of businessmen last week in Chicago. "They cannot have the US participation and cooperation on the security front, and then proceed to have confrontation and even hostility on the economic and political fronts..."

What's this "confrontation" and "hostility"? A reporter tries to guard himself against his own skepticism. But the point has been reached where practically nobody here any more takes anything on trust and it is terribly hard to run a democracy without trust. In foreign affairs there is a double anxiety; first, that the supposed crisis may not be real; and second, that if they are real, the confidence factor is so low that they won't be believed.

Mr. Nixon does not help this by his rhetoric, but he is a man fighting for his

political life and he does not have time for niceties of taste and style. In Nashville at the opening of Grand Ole Opry's new home last week Mr. Nixon was folksy: "Country music radiates a love of this nation — patriotism," he said. "It must have those combinations so essential to America's character. The peace of the world for generations, maybe centuries, may depend not just on our military might or wealth but on our character, our love of country, our willingness to stand up for the flag — and country music does that." Well, who is going to attack patriotism — or country music for that matter? The crowd applauded.

There is some evidence that Mr. Nixon is now directing attention to a one-third plus one conservative minority in the Senate. If the House impeaches him, which becomes less improbable every week, the actual trial goes to the Senate. One-third-plus one can let him off, just as it did Andrew Johnson, 106 years ago, where the vote was 35 to 19.

There are these differences between then and now. In the Johnson impeachment, only the executive and legislature clashed; today the judiciary, too is involved. President Johnson had only a short time to serve anyway, impeached or not, but Mr. Nixon has almost three years. In 1868 the man who would have got the presidency, Sen. Ben Wade, president *pro tem*, was not particularly popular unlike Jerry Ford, who is well liked. ("Bluff" Ben Wade sat in the Senate and voted for impeachment, that is, for himself.)

But the big difference, I think, is in the national mood. There was a blood-lust after the Civil War; it was a lynching mob against Johnson who offered leniency to the prostrate South. Today, so far, there is surprising calm. Wonder, maybe, but not hysteria. The Senate confirmed Jerry Ford, 92 to 3. The House voted broad subpoena powers to Rodino, 400 to 4. Hardly partisan, whatever Nixon zealots may say. And when White House counsel St. Clair makes snide attacks on the Rodino committee, Republican leaders warmly reply. Chairman Rodino deserves great credit for this.

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While the Uniform Consumer Credit Code (UCCC or U3C) plods its way through the legislature, it seems that one of the three C's has fallen by the wayside. According to some observers, including representatives of the South Carolina Bar Association, everyone will profit from the new bill except the ones for whom it was originally designed—the consumer.

Through a mish-mash of amendments in the Senate, the final version which passed that august body looked like it was written by some of the credit industry lobbyists who have swarmed into the State House ever since the measure was introduced.

Apparently, the theory behind the original measure was that if interest ceilings were raised and this action was coupled with removal of any restrictions on entry into the credit industry, the two forces of open competition and unfettered interest rates would yield the best deal for the consumer. The much-amended measure, which passed the Senate, includes the interest rate liberalization; however, it also provides for a credit industry-dominated board to limit licensing of new credit firms in areas where the board feels there is already too much competition.

A statement by the Bar Association's UCCC study committee on March 9 indicated their displeasure:

"After considerable deliberation and debate, the Bar Association and its U3C study committee have felt that a compromise Bill (S-340) was better than existing consumer credit law, though much less desirable than a more uniform version. However, the version as passed by the Senate on March 7, 1974, contains deviations from the Uniform version which seriously disrupt the delicate balance on which the Code is premised.

An essential purpose of the Code is to let the market place control consumer interest rates. This is accomplished by permitting free entry into the consumer credit industry, resulting in creditor competition for consumer business.

The Senate Bill, as passed, destroys the free-entry—open competition concept and will perpetuate the monopolistic consumer credit industry resulting in artificially high interest rates at the expense of the consumer.

We strongly advocate that the House delete those sections of the Senate Bill which have been inserted so as to prevent free entry."

Unless the Bar Association makes its own effort to serve the consumer, it appears that the "big boys" will win again. And again it will be under the guise of revamping and overhauling the old "unfair" system in favor of new "more equitable" methods.

It's the same old story—the highly paid industry lobbyists expertly massaging their favored versions of legislation through the General Assembly. What made this case particularly interesting were rumors of a \$100,000 bribe exchanging hands (or being promised) during the heated all-night debate over the bill in the Senate. Several senators said they saw some of the state's most powerful behind the scenes figures prowling the State House during the early a.m. hours.

Although newspaper reports mentioned the rumors, which circulated openly during the evening, the whole matter was pooh-poohed by Senate leaders and eventually dropped from sight. But bribes or no bribes, it's

obvious that the biggest loser was that much-forgotten interest group—the average consumer.

Editorial analysis (see opposite page) of President Nixon by Christian Science Monitor reporter Richard Strout (the author of TRB) brought to mind a quote from Jack Anderson's column last week. Anderson noted that Nixon has in the past "betrayed a strange fascination with his control over the world's mightiest nuclear force." He then quoted Nixon as telling a strategy session on Market 8, "I could push this button right here and in 20 minutes 70 million Russians would be dead. And 25 minutes later, 70 million Americans would be dead."

Sen. Ralph Gasque, a well-known foe of proposed constitutional reforms which would weaken the power of legislative delegations accustomed to virtual autonomy in running their county affairs, this week displayed a little of the arrogance which comes from such power.

When the Marion County delegation to the state Democratic Party convention was challenged this week, Gasque fought the challenge vigorously. He was quoted in *The State* newspaper as explaining the challenges this way:

"All of us have a few white militants in our county and a few disgruntled blacks and I know we

wish we could get rid of them, but we can't." Later, Gasque told the protestors, "If you want to go back and hold another county convention to select delegates, you will get beat worse than you did before because you have displayed such a bad attitude...We didn't have a big crowd at the convention before, but if you unseat us, I can overrun the whole courthouse square with people and have another meeting tonight."

Maybe the biggest political news to come out of the state Democratic convention in Columbia last Wednesday was the confirmation by black Columbia attorney and Democratic National Committeeman Matthew Perry that he has decided to challenge Second District Republican Congressman Floyd Spence.

The rumor started on the convention floor, and later Perry was circulating among friends, giving the word that the rumor was true.

Perry's candidacy would probably have at least two foreseeable results. More black voters would tend to turn out at the polls with Perry on the ballot, which would in turn tend to help Democratic candidates across the board. Even if Perry lost (and the odds are that

he will) those Democrats who he assisted would surely be beholding to him. And Perry has in recent years been discussed as a candidate for the federal bench. So.....

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Ravenel: run to daylight?

(Continued from page one)

with the firm of Donaldson, Lufkin, and Jenrette, where he was a counselor to institutions concerning the management of their investment portfolios. Finally it was back home to Charleston, where he formed his own investment firm, and is proceeding to make quite a lot of money...

That's where our story stands now, but you get the general idea. Like Hubbell Gardner (Robert Redford) in the movie version of *The Way We Were*, things have come almost too easy for Charles D. "Pug" Ravenel. When he talks earnestly of how his life has been "characterized by a series of extraordinary opportunities," you know he isn't kidding. It's all fallen into place, from throwing newspapers, to scholarships, to Harvard, to White House Fellow, to Wall Street. And now the 36-year-old Ravenel has decided to attempt another chapter of his unfolding epic, and has set his sights on the governorship of South Carolina.

It's quite likely Ravenel's most ambitious effort to date, given his lack of working experience in the political, legislative, and financial affairs of the state. But there are emerging signs that he is doing just fine in pursuit of his latest "opportunity."

Ravenel's formal entry into the governor's race this week provided additional confusion to what is already a relatively crowded field. Ravenel becomes the fourth Democratic candidate, with Congressman William Jennings Bryan Dorn, Lt. Governor Earle Morris, and right-wing businessman Maurice Bessinger having previously announced. Retired general William Westmoreland and at least one other Republican (perhaps either Charleston's Jim Edwards or Richland County Councilman Welch Morrisette) are likely to compete in a Republican primary. It all makes for more competition than South Carolinians have come to expect in recent years.

Ravenel's candidacy hinges on what some consider the very tenuous contention that he is even

legally eligible to be governor, since the state constitution prescribes that a candidate for governor must reside in the state for five years before seeking the office. Ravenel returned to Charleston in 1972 after an extended time out of the state, and has proceeded to build a case for a "residency as intent," as opposed to one of "continuous presence."

Toward that end, Ravenel and

decision will be final, and they will not appeal, whatever the decision.

Meanwhile, Ravenel, the neophyte politician, has used the residency issue to grab headlines and television minutes away from his most immediate competition, Morris and Dorn. "If we win the suit, I don't think there's any doubt that it's helped get my name before people. The reasons why I'm running have taken

papers" on key issues such as health and education in the near future.

"I want to make the kinds of opportunities I had available to me accessible to every citizen of the state," Ravenel says. "I'm not saying that state government has done a bad job in the last few years; on the contrary, I think progress has been made. But it remains that we have a long way to go, and I feel that I am the best

support of the Wise ethics bill now before the Senate Rules Committee. He advocated legislation to prohibit lawyers from practicing before the public service commissions which they appoint, and criticized the operation of the South Carolina Dairy Commission, which he says has resulted in the "third highest milk prices in the nation."

Ravenel also called the current House reapportionment fight in the legislature little more than "horsetrading, the kind of compromising and in-fighting for personal gain that the public is fed up with." Ravenel also advocated the reduction and eventual ending of tax breaks for new industries entering the state and some form of tax reform which would provide relief for the poor.

In short, Ravenel in the course of three days around the state said some things, publicly and privately, that could get him in a lot of trouble with courthouse Democrats and incumbents who have little to gain by anyone's rocking the boat.

It's a situation that Ravenel is aware of, and intends to use to his advantage. "You know," he says, "I was talking to Louis Harris, the pollster, who is a friend of mine, and he was telling me about the results they are getting showing that everywhere, people are disillusioned with incumbents, more so than at any time in our history. And I told him, 'Sure, but this is South Carolina where people generally trust their elected officials.' And he said that the disillusionment is here, too; maybe to a lesser degree, but it's here."

"And I was watching television the other day and one of the Charleston news reporters asked twelve people if, all things equal, they would tend to vote for a fresh face over an incumbent this year. Now, you might say that the question is stacked and maybe it is. But eleven of those twelve people said they would vote for a fresh face. It's just amazing. A lot of incumbents have already been beaten. And in November it's going to be happening everywhere."

Though he is no expert on such matters, he figures that Dorn, as an elected Congressman for 20 years, will suffer most from Watergate-related fallout and the disenchantment with incumbents. He's an old face, as Ravenel sees it. Morris, beset by personal problems that have received wide publicity, by money problems and the fact that he is competing for many of the same traditionally Democratic voters as is Dorn (who has some party backing and a stronger staff) will eventually weaken him.

"I only need 34 per cent of the vote to get in a runoff for the nomination," Ravenel says, figuring that the momentum of that primary upset could be turned into a runoff victory. General Westmoreland would come later, and though a strong candidate, he is vulnerable and beatable, Ravenel feels.

A headline in his campaign brochure reads: "Beating the odds—a way of life for 'Pug' Ravenel." Maybe so, but Ravenel has just trotted out for the toughest game of his career. Whipping Yale was nothing compared to this one. And he knows it.

...In short, Ravenel in the course of three days around the state said some things, publicly and privately, that could get him in a lot of trouble with courthouse Democrats...

his attorney, Heyward Belser of Columbia, have concentrated on accenting the positive: that Ravenel has always considered Charleston his home ("In my heart, I have never left this state."), the fact that he maintained a checking account and began purchasing a home in Charleston, and the fact that he was not able to secure an absentee ballot from South Carolina in order to vote in elections in the late sixties and early seventies ("Only military and handicapped persons can vote by absentee ballot."). Because he feels voting is a "civic duty," he voted in New York several times rather than travel 800 miles to South Carolina, and also paid taxes in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, and the District of Columbia during the years when he was working in those states, in accordance with federal law. At this week's state Democratic Party Convention, Ravenel's candidacy was given tentative acceptance by the Democratic Executive Committee, but he must await the final word from the courts before the issue will be settled. Nobody knows when the court decision will be made (there are several ways the matter could end up in court), but Ravenel and Belser are saying at this time that the court's

second place in all of this, and until the residency question is cleared up, it will probably continue to be that way," Ravenel admits.

The residency hassle and Ravenel's campaign appearances at such functions as the Democratic Governor's Dinner Tuesday and the state convention on Wednesday have resulted in what amounts to-for South Carolina—a blitz of publicity. "It's a far cry from where we were a week ago," says Ravenel's campaign director, Marvin Churnoff, a veteran of several campaigns including a stay on the national Hubert Humphrey campaign in 1972. "I don't have to spell his name anymore on the phone... or at least not as much," Churnoff said Thursday while thumbing through a pile of state newspapers to gauge the coverage of Ravenel's appearance before the Executive Committee.

While the courts consider the matter of residency, Ravenel will travel to several cities next week to begin his campaign. Most of his oratory until now has been of the rather undefined "anti-establishment-fresh-new-face" variety, but campaign aides and Ravenel promise pointed "position

qualified of the current candidates to do the job.

"I've been involved in fiscal, tax, and budget affairs for 13 years. I've been trained to watch the dollar and make sure it does what it's supposed to do. I'm not saying that I'm a genius or financial architecture, but I have been able to bring good people in wherever I've been and I think that I have management abilities and sensitivities to do the job as governor."

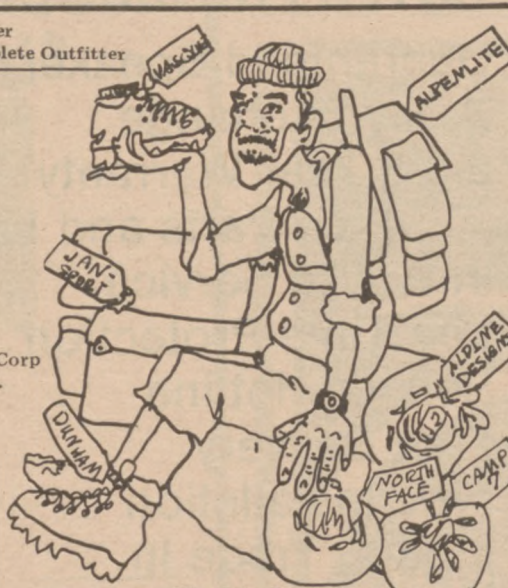
"The question is not money. There's plenty of money available and state money is increasing ten per cent a year; but the problem is one of management and control. By the time the money gets down to the people and institutions it is supposed to serve, there has been serious erosion."

Obviously Ravenel would like to bring as much attention as possible to his financial acumen, a field that none of his gubernatorial opponents—even banker Morris—have professed much interest in so far.

During his five-city press conference last week to promote his statewide recognizability, he hit upon several other issues of importance. "Conflicts of interests will be the most important issue in the campaign," he said, indicating wholehearted

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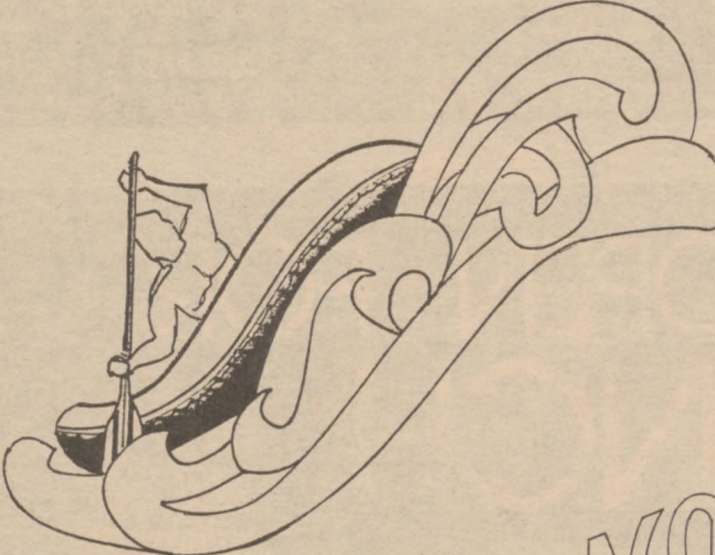
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Blind...

March 26.

Despite warnings from the commission administration that they should not discuss the matter with the press, many of the clients and staff members were angered enough by Watts' interviews to open some of the issues to the public. They said they were afraid to be identified, because of a statement attributed to Watts in *The State* article: "We will return the clients on an individual basis contingent on our need and ability to serve them." (Watts later told *Osceola* that was "an outright misquote.") Their versions of the center's problems were more detailed than Watts'.

The clients interviewed this week by *Osceola* agreed generally that the problems that created the friction at the center involved dissatisfaction on their part with one of the two sets of "houseparents" who were responsible for overnight supervision of the blind students. They said they felt the houseparents in question were prejudiced against blacks and against handicapped individuals in general. They said they had been subject to similar prejudices from the manager of motels in which they had been housed. They also complained that the houseparents had invaded their privacy and treated them as children rather than as adults.

"It was not a problem of 'logistics', or transportation. That wasn't it," explained one. "It was the dorm parents."

The client displayed a letter dated March 12 and addressed to the director of the training center. It was a compilation of various alleged incidents between the clients and the dorm parents (or motel managers in some cases)

which the clients felt manifested prejudice and invasions of privacy on the part of the dorm parents and motel managers. The letter summed up their interpretation of the situation: "The student council presents these facts as evidence of prejudice, unfair treatment and invasion of privacy." The letter was signed by 15 of the 18 clients at the center. (Another letter, signed by most of the instructors complained that the emotional problems caused by the housing situation was interfering with training sessions.)

The client who displayed the letter said, "All we got from Mr. Simmons (the center director) was promises, promises, and that's what they're still trying to do." The client said the dorm parents had a lack of understanding of blind people. "If we said we wanted to go to a movie, they would say they couldn't understand why a blind person wanted to go to a movie."

"All we are asking for is different houseparents and a different dormitory to avoid the harassment by the motel managers."

Another client (interviewed separately) who had heard of Watts' public explanation of the "logistics" problem, said, "That is wrong. It was trouble with the houseparents. This had been boiling for three weeks. We took it to the director of the center. Blind people have feelings, strong emotions like the sighted. When we would take it to the center administration people, then the houseparents would threaten us. We had a real hairy bus ride after one of the administration people

had come over and talked with the houseparents about some of our complaints."

"It wasn't just discrimination against the blacks. It was discrimination against the handicapped. I will not go back if the same houseparents are there. I am not out for blood or revenge. I just want to see these people treated right."

"You know, when we left the motel, the manager called us 'illiterate imbeciles' and said,

clients. Nobody would take them seriously. They are adults and you serve them as you would adults, not as though they were children," said a staff member.

Staff members said they have heard no complaints about the other set of houseparents. One said the main fear now is that the administration may take some punitive action against the professional staff—all of which is under 30—on the assumption that the staff encouraged the

these people are presented constantly with all types of situations. You get people of all races, sex, and backgrounds together in a motel environment...I think what we've got here is people who just got worn out with each other.

"This particular couple has done the best they can do under the circumstances and we're trying to determine if that's enough. At the same time, I think they could probably have handled themselves better. In some isolated circumstances they showed the pressure of the situation. We're aware of the fact there have been some heated debates, in some cases not becoming to the client, to the professionals, or to the houseparents. The situation was there that could have become more volatile. The best thing to do was to let everybody concerned cool their heels."

Watts said he plans to re-open the center the first week in April, and said there would be no punitive action taken against the clients. He said the administration will find another place closer to the campus with a "more institutional atmosphere" to house the clients. He also said he thinks the motel situation and the houseparents have constituted "two-thirds" of the problem—the other third, he believes, was "the circumstances." He acknowledged

the possibility of some non-professional staff changes.

For the clients who wish to resume their training, there seems to be some hope that the center will re-open soon and that all the clients will return. Right now some of them are at their homes all across the state. A few who are taking courses at Midlands TEC are still attending training sessions and making their own living arrangements—at the YMCA or with friends or relatives. They manage this and their meals and transportation on the maintenance check they receive each week from the commission. (The commission has promised to reimburse them later for these extra expenses, but for now they are paying their way on their regular commission checks.)

One staff member remained a little cautious about the future of the center, despite Watts' assurances. "If they fired the houseparents, got new housing, and brought back the clients, that would solve it for a while. But the problem goes beyond that. The administration was warned about this situation over the past several months. And it was always kind of pushed off. They'd say they were doing something about it, and so on. We'll just have to wait and see."

"...It was trouble with the houseparents. Blind people have feelings, strong emotions like the sighted. When we would take it to the administration, the houseparents would threaten us..."

"You're the most terrible people I've ever known."

All of the clients talked to this week said they want to go back to the center to continue their training. But some are afraid they won't be among those invited back. For these blind students, this would be disastrous. For example, there is a 19-year-old black girl who has not had any formal education since she lost her sight in the second grade. During her training she has distinguished herself as a particularly intelligent student and the staff hopes to place her in the South Carolina Opportunity School or the Columbia Walk-In School. But for now, her training is interrupted.

Staff members discussed other complaints expressed recently by clients—the 10 p.m. curfew, the close chaperoning by the dorm parents, and the distance (a \$3.65 cab ride) from town.

"Nobody would listen to the

dissension, or perhaps take some punitive action against specific clients because of their past activities. "I am afraid they will choose to ignore those who are considered troublemakers when they start inviting people back," said a member of the center staff.

In talking this week with *Osceola*, commission director Watts offered his view of the entire situation and his reasons for closing the center.

"This is an assessment of our entire approach. At this point we're offering some good solid communication training to our staff over the next three days." Asked about the alleged problems with the houseparents, he said, "This may have contributed directly to the decision to temporarily shut down the center. The overriding problem in my mind is that we have an unworkable situation. There is just so much you can tolerate. We have two sets of houseparents and

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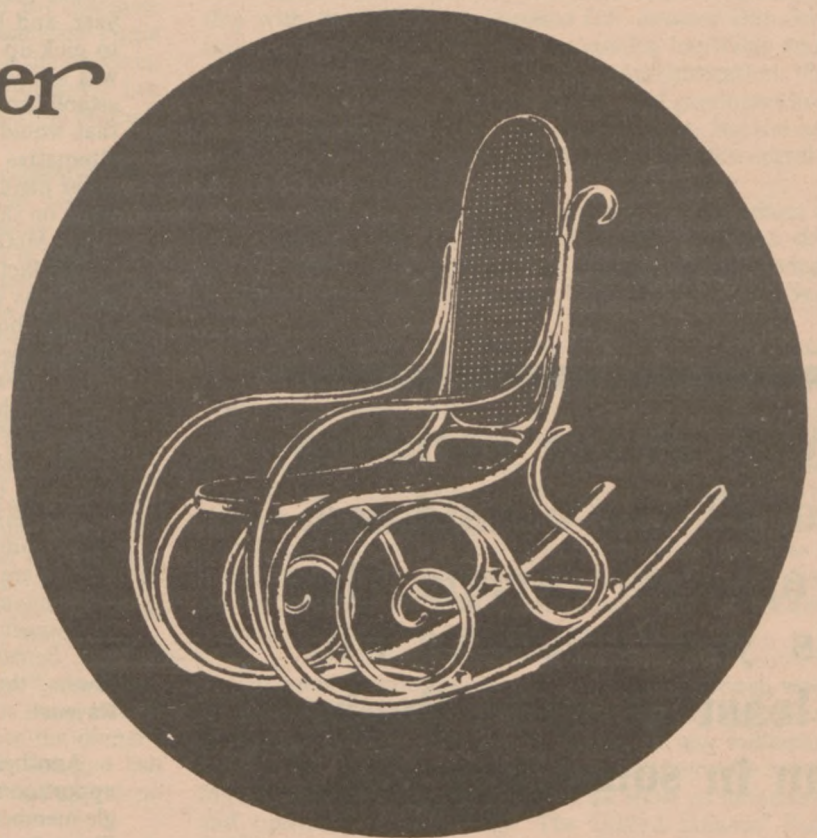
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A report from the Demo convention



Ol' Hube Knows

by Tim Rogers

Nobody has ever really improved on Will Rogers' classic characterization of the party with a donkey for a symbol: "I don't belong to any organized political party -- I'm a Democrat." If Will had been alive and in Columbia at the Democrats' state convention two years ago, he would have found ample evidence to support his thesis.

The state party regulars, led by state Chairman Don Fowler, Governor John West and former Governor Robert McNair, had firmly in mind to keep things well under control. Their agenda was basically to absorb and manage the new series of procedural reforms introduced by the McGovern-Fraser Commission, while keeping at bay the threat that the minimum of necessary implementation of the reforms would result in any loss of real power to party insurgents.

The stakes were high: 1972 was a presidential election year, and McGovern forces nationally were just beginning to pick up steam. Although their early favorite, Ed Muskie, was already beginning to slip, the South Carolina party establishment was intent on taking a delegation to Miami that would provide strong support for a more conservative alternative to McGovern or any other such radical. On the other hand, insurgents were seeking proportional representation on the delegation, basing their claims on the directives of the McGovern reforms.

Conflicts arising out of any number of variations on this theme, as well as other divisions, made the 1972 state convention boisterous and stormy -- bordering at times on a virtual free-for-all.

Two years later, it was a different story.

A lot has changed in the South Carolina Democratic Party since 1972. For one thing, there is the fact this year of the first serious statewide primary in almost ten years. Counting out Maurice Bessinger (which may be assuming too much), and including Pug Ravenel, there are three serious primary candidates for Governor. The other two, of course, are Earle Morris and Bryan Dorn. And among them, the contenders are attracting supporters in a way thus far inconsistent with any pre-existing factional lines. Witness U.S. Senator Fritz Hollings observing that among his followers, there is significant support for Dorn, Morris and Ravenel.

Another, even more traumatic factor is the ongoing reapportionment of the state House of Representatives. Single-member districts is hitting the state Democratic Party like a bombshell, and the coming realignments of political power throughout the state as a result will, in a real sense, produce a new South Carolina Democratic Party.

Even moreso since the difficult '72 elections, there is also the ever-increasing spectre of Republican gains. With the Republican candidacy of General William Westmoreland, the GOP has its most formidable opportunity in its modern history to capture the governorship. And even

with the problems Watergate, etc., has brought, the momentum of the Republican emergence cannot be said to have been blunted.

Yet the political disasters Nixon and the country have suffered over the past year and a half have among other things brought new life to the Democratic Party here as elsewhere. The size of turnouts at Democratic fund-raising affairs this year -- but one indication of that.

So the Democrats are encouraged. Even though there have been recently disclosed indiscretions on the part of several Democratic officeholders in the state, Demo leaders say they have been scattered and isolated, and, pointing to other similar incidents involving South Carolina Republicans, the Democratic strategists predict these won't divert the attention of a majority from the massive scandals which have rocked the Republican Party nationally.

But the Democrats know that to take advantage of the opportunity with which they are presented now, they need maximum unity within their own party. And they are being extra careful because of the divisive potential of the pending primary contests.

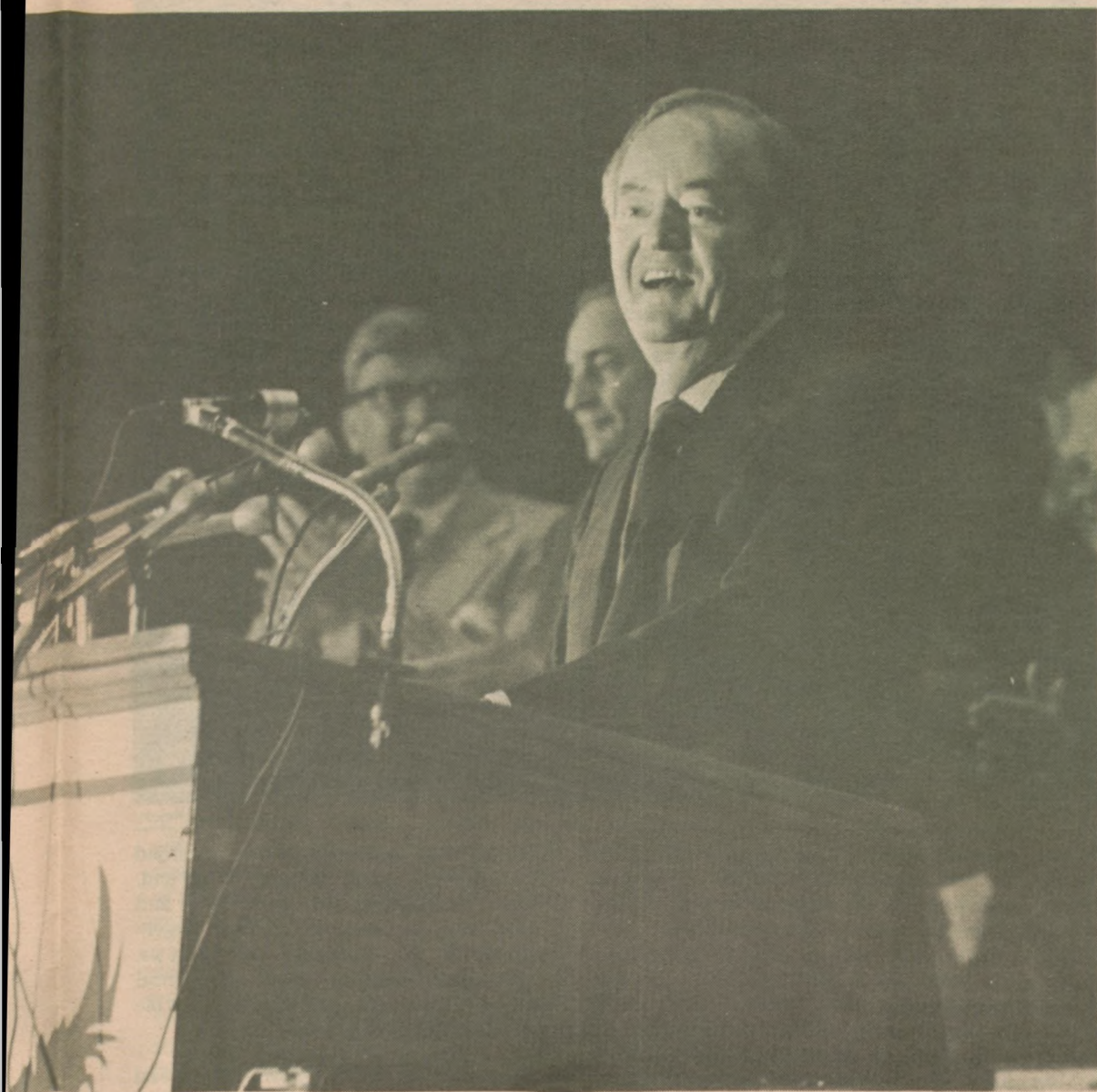
So the theme of 1974 was basically unity -- at whatever cost, we'll turn our backs as many times as we have to -- but there must be unity. The basic game plan was to keep the platform and resolutions toned down, eliminating or avoiding taking clear stands on the more controversial issues, and changing convention rules to prohibit the introduction of resolutions from the floor. Keeping contests for party officer positions to a minimum and choosing that great expeditor state House Speaker Rex Carter (D-Greenville) to be permanent convention chairman helped to keep things moving along as quickly and as steadily as possible.

It pretty much worked. The only contest for party officer was between white Charlestonian John Harrelson and black USC law student J. Arthur Holmes for youth vice chairperson. It was close, but Harrelson won out, and in a demonstration of what else?--unity, Holmes escorted the victorious Harrelson to the podium to the standing ovation-delight of the delegates.

The carefully drawn moderate-progressive platform was adopted with only two liberal amendments from the floor--one endorsing collective bargaining rights for state and local government employees introduced by S.C. Education Association staffer and former Richland County House candidate Kay Patterson, and another urging repeal of the state's sales tax. The latter amendment was offered by Steve Steinert, former McGovern activist and member of the Charleston delegation to the convention.

Steinert was also the author of a potentially important amendment to one of a series of party rules changes adopted by the convention. One such change would auto-

...With all the variables and all the candidates, it appears certain that this year's politics will at least be more lively than in some time...



rocks 'em dead

matically vacate the office of any party officeholder who supported any opponent of a party nominee up to the state level. Steinert successfully argued for an amendment to the proposed change which would include nominees of the national party as well. Surprisingly -- almost amazingly, there was virtually no opposition to Steinert's amendment.

Claiming that all other proposed resolutions had been incorporated or at least spoken to in the platform, the platform and resolutions committee reported out only three additional resolutions to the floor. Each was, however, somewhat controversial -- favoring the registration of voters by mail and by party, and the lowering of the legal age of maturity in the state to 18. Each passed with no debate.

And there was, in addition to whooping it up and politicking, one additional matter of business at the convention. That was the election of delegates to the national Democratic Policy Conference in December of this year. Three delegate slots were allotted each Congressional District, and in caucuses at the end of the convention, the slots were filled. State party officers were elected as alternates, and in addition, the Governor, Senator Hollings, and the four Congressmen will attend the conference as "at-large" delegates.

Delegate selection guidelines outlined by the national Conference were scrupulously followed -- at least to the appearance of the letter of the law. Most three-person delegations chosen consisted of one white man, at least one black and at least one woman. Earlier, Don Fowler had circulated information to lower party levels about the guidelines, and held several press conferences in conjunction with his "affirmative action" program. At first glance, the state's delegation appears to be pretty well sandbagged once again with loyalists to the leadership of the party regulars. This could be important at the Policy Conference, when there will be skirmishing between conservative and reform factions over the wording of the new national party charter. At present, most indications are that national party Chairman Robert Strauss will be counting on the support of the Scoop Jackson-oriented faction organized by the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, and in whose leadership circles sit former South Carolina Governor Robert McNair, and state party chairman Don Fowler, among others, to block most of the proposals of party reformers -- whose idea, essentially is a more ideologically oriented party organization.

There was a good deal of campaigning and jockeying for position prior to the elections -- though not nearly so intense and anxious as the similar exercise two years earlier. Most of the daily press didn't even bother to print the results of the delegate selection contests in their next-morning editions.

On the whole, the 1974 state Democratic convention was probably the most orchestrated and smooth convention

on record. The press corps was furnished a multiple-page script of the proceedings in advance, prompting flashbacks for some to the infamous discovery by a BBC reporter of the "script" to the 1972 Republican National Convention -- complete with slots for "2½ minute spontaneous applause." With the exception of keynote speaker Senator Hubert Humphrey's delayed arrival, everything went pretty much according to the script at the Township Auditorium in Columbia this week.

The amendment of the convention rule prohibiting resolutions from the floor was accomplished early, before most delegates had arrived, and while those that had were still trying to shake off the effects of the big bash the night before. Party rules changes, the platform and the resolutions were all acted on while most of the delegates were downstairs partaking of Maurice Bessinger's Piggie Park bar-be-que. There was no lunch break on the program, though most chose to take theirs after Humphrey had concluded his oratory -- precisely when the formal business of the convention began to crank up.

If the convention was smooth and orchestrated and mostly peaceful, that's what most delegates seemed to prefer. This was a convention that was more aware of political change, past and future, than any in the recent past. But things have been moving fast lately, and most everybody on hand seemed to agree that the coming months are going to be tough enough on everybody without getting into essentially meaningless in-fighting at the convention.

So the major business of the Tuesday night/Wednesday affair was not listed in the script or on the red, white and blue program; what everybody really came to do more than anything else was to politick, to shake hands and slap backs and jaw and drink liquor in hospitality suites, and when you got drunk enough, to go get in a good conversation with at least one participant who should have or claims to have an inside line, and try to collectively figure out what the hell is going to happen next in this crazy political year.

The Tenth Annual Governor's dinner at the Wade Hampton Hotel kicked it all off Tuesday night. The sauce started flowing in the suites a good two hours before the dinner's scheduled commencement time of 7:30. The banquet hall on the messanine was so packed they had to set up a number of extra tables out in the lobby.

The crowd was enthusiastic enough, though the proceedings proved to be pretty unexciting. "Scoop" Jackson was the featured speaker, and that had a lot to do with it. As everyone knows, Scoop doesn't exactly have the most dynamic delivery in the profession. Yet when former Governor McNair spoke of the Democratic Party "getting serious again about winning presidential elections" in his introduction of Jackson, Scoop was the guy he had in

mind. And before that, there was Governor West lamenting that if more 1972 Democratic Convention delegates had only listened to the majority of the South Carolina delegation that supported Jackson, then the whole country would have been asleep by now. No, he didn't exactly say that, but after Jackson had droned on for a few minutes, that's what a lot of the more cynical observers in the room were thinking, and a number of the more elderly early-retiring types in the assemblage lent credibility to the conclusion by their nodding.

Scoop did emphasize his disaffection with Nixon, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, and other administration members sufficiently for both local and national press attending to get the point. ABC's Frank Reynolds was one national Jackson-watcher conspicuous in his presence.

Lt. Governor Earle Morris raised eyebrows the highest during the evening when he said, referring presumably to the performance of General Westmoreland, that he (Morris) could now understand why we lost in Vietnam. Lost the war? That's what he said. The air was so full of jibes at Westy, though, that even the more hawkish members of the audience seemed not to mind.

Ribber Of The Night award, however, was reserved for West's lecture on the evils of Republicanism and the wonderful works of the Democratic-controlled General Assembly. Those old negative, down-on-everything Republicans, said the Guv, are against people, against progress. If it weren't for forward-looking Democratic leaders in the House and Senate, like Marion Gressette and Rembert Dennis and Sol Blatt, we never would make any progress. The next day at the convention West amplified his remarks, going on to assert that continued Democratic statehouse, presumably including the same gentlemen, is "an absolute necessity if our state is to continue to provide leadership in the birth of the New South...."

Delegates arriving at Township on Wednesday morning were greeted by a plethora of banners, posters, boosters, literature, Lt. Governor candidate Rep. Alex Sanders' authentic, bluegrass parking lot soul music band across the street, and imposing hand-painted signs backing Sanders' opponent Sen. Horace Smith, proclaiming, "Let's Get Serious." Persistent Rep. Brantley Harvey, the third candidate in the primary, was also on hand pumping every mit he could clutch. Harvey's own mits were noticeably rough and blistered, seemingly bearing out the contention of some that he had done the most work in that contest to date.

All the other faces were there as well -- Dom, Morris, Ravenel, Bessinger and his bar-be-que, all the congressional aspirants, and assorted other climbers and activists. The press tables were down front this year at the foot of the podium, offering a good view of what was happening up top as well as back on the convention floor.

The star of the show was to be Humphrey. He marched triumphantly down the aisle after Fritz Hollings' glowing introduction, and spent 45 minutes whipping up the congregation to a revival pitch. They loved him, no doubt about it. Old-time liberals and Humphrey supporters had to keep pinching themselves to believe it. This was a different party than it once was -- of course, it was a different Humphrey, too.

Once he got wound up, though, which didn't take long, nobody in the auditorium could seem to resist him. As always, the Happy Warrior got quickly emotionally involved in what he was preaching, and his eyes glistened with a teary film. The two most emotional moments in the address came when Humphrey harkened back to his friendship with the late South Carolina U.S. Senator Olin Johnston, and when he referred to the coming inevitable end -- one way or another -- of the Nixon Administration. "Nations go through phases," said Hube, "and goodness knows this administration knows a lot about phases. But the next phase is going to be 'goodbye.' That brought the crowd to its feet.

In the first row of delegates in front of the podium sat Olin's brother, Bill, in the midst of the Anderson delegation, leading the applause for Humphrey and waving a trembling hand when the former VP spoke of the late Senator.

No far behind Bill Johnston sat the Gray Fox, state Senator Marion Gressette of Calhoun, now President Pro Tem of the Senate, and long-time leader of old-guard forces in the General Assembly. No one fought the inevitability of the breakdown of segregation more doggedly than Gressette, but it's 1974, and on this day Marion Gressette applauded Hubert Humphrey along with everyone else, and stood later to vote for 23-year-old black candidate J. Arthur Holmes for state youth vice-chairperson. Watching it all and shaking his head, veteran AP reporter Al Lanier muttered, "The things I have seen in my lifetime...."

The preliminaries are over now and the real, tough world of the primaries (whenever they may be) and the general election after that. If the preliminaries are any indication, neither the Republicans nor the Democrats, nor the various factions within both parties, are at all short of enthusiasm and optimism at this stage. The United Citizens' Party (UCP), the Independents and the Americans have also reorganized, and what role each might play in tight elections this year remains to be seen.

With all the variables, and all the candidates, however, it appears certain that this year's politics will at least be more lively than in some time. What might emerge after all the sound and fury has run its course is still basically anybody's guess.

Music

Joni's
singing
was
flawless

Photo by Phil Dickey

Joni Mitchell
(in concert)
at Carolina Coliseum

I will, chicken that I am, forego trying to figure Joni Mitchell out on paper and just write down how I was impressed, more or less, by her concert.

To sum it up, whatever light-heartedness there is to be derived from her new *Court and Spark* — which has been trifling little for me, though I admit to being a careless and dense listener — was squelched in live performance. Joni Mitchell, to me, comes across as a pretty dark-hearted person. In concert she can be very cool and professional and businesslike about confusing hell out of you. I personally don't like being confused unless it is in a humorous manner. Consequently I only enjoyed her performance — and I enjoyed it very much — not the assortment of messages she was conveying.

Let me tell you about it. Tom Scott and the L. A. Express is her warm-up and back-up group. They came onstage 32 minutes late and did a half-dozen or so lengthy jazz-rock things by people like Coltrane. Tom Scott is an eager beaver performer. He wants to *look* like he's jiving with the music (which he probably is, considering the group's tremendous talent and unity — real class). Scott plays sax and woodwinds, in case you didn't know, and the quintet also includes keyboards, bass, guitar and drums. A really tough act.

Now, when Joni later joined them, taking the spotlight, I was intrigued at the way they treated each other. It was all business. Scott seemed to be busting a gut to get the perfect backing for Joni from his band. Joni would step back during a riff and try to become just another part of the group, unobtrusively doing her little part on acoustic guitar. But everyone, including her and the Express, knew she was much more than that. Why was she going out of her way to show respect for them? On the other hand, why was the very capable L. A. Express (they have two albums of their own) spending its career behind some big-name soloist — especially under the leadership of someone at image-conscious as Scott. I wondered how they get along behind the scenes. It is easy

to imagine them hating each other. But as backwards as Joni operates her life I suppose I would not be surprised to learn they are lovers.

Joni's singing was flawless. And I didn't know she played that well. She and the Express performed together splendidly. Like her lyrics, though, her style confused me. She was emotional but not really emotional. She didn't smile, but she was at peak form. Maybe she's just *that* good: Being at peak form is such an ordinary condition she never gets excited about it. There was little talk — though considerable tuning and instrument changing — between songs; just one superb rendition mechanically following the other.

Once, as though attempting to escape the doldrums of being good and enigmatical, Joni started up talking about the distress bought on by the "big yellow tractor" and resulting concrete. True to her

puzzling style, she interspersed little jokes in the dissertation. It was all pretty rambling but the audience may have liked it, felt closer to her as a result of it.

She let things get slightly boring when she came out for a solo set to start the second half of the concert. Swaying sexily in her flowing gown, she received an enthusiastic response to "Bright Yellow Taxi." But moving back and forth between guitar, piano and dulcimer for self-accompaniment, she could not prevent her beautiful smooth voice from sounding redundant after the fifth or sixth slow number from her later albums. The arrangement of "For Free," which brought back onstage Scott and afterwards the whole band, was particularly pleasing. They topped it with "Help Me" — a sure crowd pleaser these days — and the old "Both Sides Now," begun with guitar and solo voice and climaxed with the full

ensemble. But the audience was rewarded with a touch of solid rock only at the end. "Raised on Robbery" was much livelier and louder than on the album, perhaps largely because of the exclusion of Andrews Sisters-type harmony (the only vocal backing in the whole concert were a couple of brief excursions by Scott).

The crowd had to plead for several minutes to get her back out for the encore "Twisted," the last song on *Court and Spark*. I thought it was anti-climatic, but it seemed to let the crowd know there wasn't anymore coming. That was okay; she had done enough already. It was almost 11:30. Judging from the late start and ridiculously long intermission, she must have been fatigued or something. They let her go, and I think we all went away well satisfied.

—Dan Harmon

Best-seller

"A New Life"
The Marshall Tucker Band
CP0124

Marshall Tucker Band's new release is a pleasant surprise.

I didn't expect an album released so soon after the South Carolina group's amazingly successful premiere album to contain such incredibly good material. A new group's greatest obstacle is not its initial recording work, but in most cases the follow-up album, which is not only a test of their originality and versatility, but of its eventual success or failure with a mass audience. And if the success of Marshall Tucker's first album is any indication (already over 300,000 copies sold), they are on their way up, and fast.

"A New Life" is not going to have you running to the town square to declare the arrival of the new rock "messiahs," but you'll find it a pleasant album that hits home on the strength of Toy Caldwell's excellent compositions, and the refreshing

absence of indulgent excesses both musically and lyrically.

Immediate favorites are two songs, one called "Blue Ridge Mountain Sky," and the other, "You Ain't Folin' Me." My reasons are rather base I'm afraid, but it's such a pleasure to be able to enjoy songs that just strike home on a "base" level, and that's what this album is all about.

On "Blue Ridge Mountain Sky," Doug Gray's voice comes up from the mix and establishes itself as a recognizable aspect of the group's total sound. I have never seen the group in concert, but on the strength of the first album, they could have slipped any singer by my ears, I would never have known the difference. Now, for me at least, I can identify the voice of Doug Gray with the voice of The Marshall Tucker Band.

"You Ain't Folin' Me" is a small but successful change in the band's style. The subtle addition of horns creates, if you will, jazz-rock-country blend that never oversteps the musical bounds of the group.

Never a stray note, everything remains in its place. This formula works for every song, and unites the album.

Other songs on the album such as the title cut, "A New Life," and "Another Cruel Love" continue the style showcased on the group's first album and establish a direction that will mold the band's future efforts. There's not one bad cut on this album and the hard work the group has put into its music certainly shows as a result.

Right now, "A New Life" is probably the best selling album in Columbia, topping such formidable competition as Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan, and Todd Rundgren, and by all indications, (with a big push from their record label, Capricorn), Marshall Tucker will garner a large national following on the strength of their second album. Bigger and better things are in the stars for the sons of the south, but then again, people have been telling me that since I stepped foot in South Carolina.

—Hank Gilman

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Correction

In last week's edition the name of the reviewer was omitted from the review of *The Last Detail*. The review was written by Mike Smith. We regret the omission.

Inoperative [local media notes]

At a time when journalists across the nation are following the trend toward investigative reporting on governmental and political activities, the political affiliation and background of newsmen is taking on an even greater than usual significance.

When *Greenville News* editors learned several weeks ago that nationally syndicated writer Victor Lasky had apparently received unannounced cash payments from the Committee to Re-Elect the President during the 1972 Presidential campaign, they notified their readers of a decision to cease publishing his column. They said they were writing the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA) for an explanation of the matter.

Reports of the alleged payments came in the winter edition of *Masthead*, the magazine of the National Conference of Editorial Writers. Announcement of the *News* decision on its own editorial page drew praise from state senator James P. Harrelson of Walterboro County, a frequent critic of the press.

In the period since the *News* decision, according to the paper's editorial page editor Jim McKinney, the *News* has received an explanation of the payments from the distributing syndicate and from Lasky himself. The money was paid, Lasky told the *News*, as compensation for articles and speeches he wrote for Martha Mitchell. The articles were mostly "non-political", he explained, and usually given by Ms. Mitchell at women's and church groups.

"The syndicate was satisfied with Lasky's explanation," McKinney said, "but we decided to just leave it be and not run his column anymore."

Among the other papers publishing Lasky's work is the *Columbia Record*. When asked about reports that the columnist may have received payments from CREP, editorial page editor H. Harrison Jenkins said he was not aware of the accusation.

Lasky's stories appear frequently, if irregularly, in the *Record*. On March 19, the columnist, in his column on the editorial page of the paper, referred to a study showing that "dirty tricks" alleged to have occurred in the 1972 Presidential campaign were not "any more serious than usual." Less than a week later, a piece by Lasky on the war in Cambodia appeared on a *Record* news page, although Jenkins said an inter-office slip-up sent the copy to the wrong department.

Meanwhile, the *Greenville News* continues to offer articles written by Kevin Phillips, a former campaign technician for

John Mitchell. He is also the author of *The Emerging Republican Majority*. Phillips writes political columns published on the editorial page and, on at least one occasion, teamed with Albert Sindlinger to write an article based on a "Phillips-Sindlinger Poll" conducted by Sindlinger and Company.

That particular article said in part, "Fifty-six percent of those questioned agreed (with a comment by Vice-President Gerald Ford) that the President was being assaulted by a powerful pressure-group impeachment lobby."

McKinney says the difference between the two cases is that Phillips' political involvement is well-known. Phillips and other columnists have worked for political campaigns and candidates but "the public is not being fooled. In the case of Lasky, it was not known he was working for the Committee to Re-Elect the President while he was writing about it," McKinney said.

McKinney and Jenkins agree, in principle, that political affiliation as well as other background information on newspaper columnists should be made public. "When we start a regular columnist," McKinney said, "we generally run a promotional story giving the writer's background. For special columnists, we give their affiliation and other identification." Jenkins agreed, saying the *Record* identifies the affiliations of its occasional writers.

Barbara Williams will have to battle in a competitive Atlanta journalism market if she intends to keep her distinction as the only black woman editorial writer on a major southern newspaper. Ms. Williams, a member of the editorial staff of the *Greenville News*, will leave for Atlanta May 1



Sheheen

to join her husband, who was recently transferred there by his company. Editorial page editor Jim McKinney said Williams "has been pretty valuable to us," and is leaving "much to our sorrow."

Legislators heard a mixture of views last week from state newsmen on a proposed Public Information Office for the South Carolina General Assembly. Still in the subcommittee, the bill would establish a public information office for the lawmakers, but beyond that, is vague in its description of the size of the office and its responsibilities. According to a report on the subcommittee's hearings in *The State* newspaper, the journalists appearing before the committee were about evenly split on the proposal.

One of those attending, Robert Truere described by *The State* as a one-time television newsmen, offered an amendment which would delete references to service for the news media, leaving the office to provide information primarily to the general public. Truere, *The State* reported, has been suggested by a number of legislators as a possible director of



West

the proposed agency.

Meanwhile, another newspaper, the weekly *Kingstree County Record* joined the various newspapers already on record in opposition to the office. "Enterprising editors can find plenty of ways to let voters know what their legislators are doing in Columbia without having to rely on a public information office that would only further tax burdens and widen the credibility gap lawmakers now face," the *County Record* editorialized.

Newspaper chains and conglomerates take heed.

If a suit filed in February in U.S. District Court in Florence is

successful, the trend of newspaper mergers and purchases could find itself slowed a little.

The suit, filed by Banner Publications, Inc. (the weekly newspaper chain owned principally by Governor John West and Charleston businessman Allen Legare and published by Fred Sheheen) against the *Evening Post* Publishing Company and Kingstree Communications, Inc., alleges the two defendants are violating the Clayton and Sherman Anti-Trust Acts.

According to the suit, Banner Publications purchased the weekly *Kingstree County Record* last summer, while simultaneously entering an oral agreement to purchase the weekly *Kingstree News*. Banner claims in its suit that after the oral agreement, the owner of the *News* sold his paper to the *Evening Post* and under the wholly-owned subsidiary, Kingstree Communications, Inc. Banner's plans had been to combine the two newspapers.

Banner's suit claims that it is economically feasible for only one weekly newspaper to survive in the county. It claims that acquisition of the *News* by the *Evening Post* Company leaves the *County Record* unable to compete with "the monopolistic enterprises of the defendant with its superior market power, extensive advertising, art and publishing facilities, available at the Charleston plant of the defendant..." Such a situation, Banner claims, is a violation of the federal anti-trust laws.

JIM GRADY'S
KEG O' NAILS

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Cinema/"The Exorcist" No symbolic act

by Dan Lackey
THE EXORCIST
at the Fox Theatre

In years bygone it could have been an hermaphroditic bear with an anus for a navel tied to a stake on the Capitol lawn but today, for the techno-sociological modern, it's *The Exorcist*, a reel of celluloid imprinted with picture of a nice little girl who turns into a grotesque cherub, spewing vomit and thundering graffiti. The picture is playing at the Fox downtown where the marquee merely reads (in huge red letters): "EXORCIST."

Since this film is not just a movie, but a national event, the scary-picture-you-must-see, attended at the behest and with the advice of everyone's friends and neighbors; since everyone is talking about it; and since, across the country, the film has inspired a mild epidemic of real or imagined *daemonic* seizures, the cool-headed critic might fulfill his calling by averting his eyes from the object of horror (which is not quite an idol but much more than a fad) and slinking away to armchair thoughts on social psychology. Maybe *The Exorcist* is virtual-catastrophe, a horror you can face without getting hurt, while risking a small chance of a bit of nausea. To have seen *The Exorcist* is to have weathered a shock and purchased an opinion about it, and the Important Opinion costs only three bucks.

I bought my Important Opinion and I shout it away for free as I pass the serpentine lines that stretch blocks from the ticket window: "If you wait in the cold to see this picture you pay undue penitence to a graven image!" Or so the Church might say—with better pontificance—if it weren't dumbfounded at this chance in the limelight.

Distinguished critic Stanley Kaufmann, upon whom you can usually rely for impeccable advice, has given his *New Republic* readers a bum steer and shown at least one eager admirer (myself) his feet of clay by including *The Exorcist* in his little box of recommended films, suggesting that the movie "might scare the hell" out of you. This film is horrifying—in a very literal way—but to my eye it does nothing to create horror or suspense.

First, as to suspense. As Hitchcock has shown, film is a splendid medium for suspense. On screen, a man sitting at breakfast, gulping his coffee and checking his watch and posing a single question—will he catch the commuter train?—can hold us enthralled even if the missing of the train is no real life-or-death matter to the character or to us. Even films with haphazard stories like *Nightwatch* can make melodies of terror with only base lines of plot if the director knows the manipulative power of the right succession of images. Psychedelic film addicts who love to be mesmerized and are disdainful of "meaning" might quit thinking solely in terms of experimental color studies and kaleidoscope geometries and revive their interest in pure suspense with real-life characters, which is to say, take another look at the technical virtuosity of a Hitchcock.

One can even think of the suspenseful movie as an "artificial" effector of a long-deconditioned primitive awe, a fear un-akin to painful anxiety, more like an itch or a tingle. It must be healthy to summon up a little of our childhood fear of passing shadows on the bedroom wall, but there's nothing so innocent and organic as this in *The Exorcist* which must depend

for its life on a sick sense of wonder. To me, there is nothing on its reel to terrify anybody relatively unmoved by public suggestion and under-obsessed with scabrous goo. The movie is a mechanism of release, in a mechanical universe, quite literally an Awe-Inspiring Machine. As with the lulls between genital activity in many porno films, "suspense" here is only a titillatory monotony made bearable by a prurient expectation of "the good parts." I can't help assuming that people know, basically, what's going to happen and that there's an insidious interest in the girl at the beginning of the film because she'll soon become nasty and ugly.

And as for horror—well, we all have, in varied degrees, an imaginative sense of it and the underside of this sense of horror is fascination. The task for a



Linda Blair and Ellen Burstyn as Regan and Chris MacNeil

"psychic"-horror director is to avoid straining and diluting this fascination by over-exposing the object/moment of horror. As Charles Samuels says in an essay on Hitchcock: "(He) never merely exhibits the sources of dread. As countless horror films and Hitchcock imitations prove, the naked ugliness is likely to excite only laughter."

Director William Friedkin has a name for the stretches of expectant monotony punctuated by dirty-diaper realism (leading finally to the glorious orgy—the exorcism itself); he calls it "documentary realism" which is right on the button as far as the *National Enquirer* goes. Blatty's novel also has this "quality" and its industrial equivalent is not the movie but all the jaundiced journalism ever written on the murder of Sharon Tate.

The Exorcist makes sensational treatments of "miraculous" events, violence and gore, but it's unique achievement, believe it or not, lies in its sensational use of what we commonly regard as obscene words. There is a scene in which Chris MacNeil, (soon-to-be-possessed) Regan's movie-star mother, is screaming at a phone operator because her estranged husband hasn't called on his daughter's birthday. She uses every word in the book almost, and you can see in this all-wrong dialogue the familiar attempt to give a shallow character (fake) bravura with dirty words, as with the vapid cussing of Ali McGraw on her *Love Story* deathbed. The audience laughs not just at the words but at a character that just couldn't be saying them. If you haven't seen the movie, you can get a sense of the total wrongness of the phone-cussing in question, by picturing June Lockhart saying you-know-what and other nasty things while beating Lassie with a stick.

As you have heard: at the height of diabolical frenzy, when her face has paled to krypto-comics ghostliness and her teeth are green and her bib is stained with bilish

dribble, the Regan-demon, in the dubbed guttural voice of Mercedes McCambridge, utters all the words "she" heard Mommy shout at the operator, plus a few of her own acquired, no doubt, at a behind-the-bushes playground seminar. She says some of them earlier, in the initial stages of possession, when her complexion, though flushed is still peachy-cream as *Seventeen*, but these are just to warm up up for the guttural nasties.

Now, truly, William Peter, I am not shocked at the "mere utterance" of these words, having imbibed, along with my peers, the casual rhetoric of *Rolling Stone*, which, reflecting the counterculture, has turned common obscenity into an official kind of fifties slang. But I suppose the taboo-type reverence for the dirty word isn't so lacking in the leisurely ladies who

watch Lawrence Welk and catch *The Exorcist* just before bridge at a week-day matinee is probably not lacking in some liberal churchmen, too, though they speak of "deeper" obscenity... Since Blatty imputes to the Jesuit princes a fairy-tale purity, confronted evil is not unbelievable as a curse in the form of a "magic" dirt word or words. And, of course, the exorcism ritual involves a flaming sword of opposing magical incantations.

The Catholic way is the only, the most powerful way, the truth and the life, the only way capable of curing the child of her diabolic seizure. This arrogance is probably—especially to sophisticated Catholics—the most repugnant thing about the film, and it culminates itself in the epilogue when a de-possessed Regan kisses a priest with spontaneous gratitude (she isn't supposed to know what's happened) after seeing his collar. This last is made explicit by a Friedkin close-up and is the grossest shot in the picture. Yet, this arrogance, gladly enough, makes peripheral the facile questions of whether possession "really occurs" or whether exorcism "works" and begs us look at the way the alternatives are treated.

To set up the exorcism rite as the only possible thing in the world that could have ever been done to save the child, it's necessary to have those concerned briefly run the gambits of medical technology and modern psychiatry. Accordingly the neurologist, in his clinically-white coat, is bureaucratically cold, the diabolic opposite to kind and gentle Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan in *Boys' Town*. He of course, says it must be a lesion in the temporal lobe. ("What we have"...—take out a cigarette—"...is a lesion..."—lights it—"In the temporal lobe." "What?"—"A lesion..."—takes a drag—"A lesion in the temporal lobe.")

The scenes in which the electro-encephalograms are taken, brain X-rays made, and blood siphoned from

Regan's neck into a tube are done with straight documentary realism—the only scenes I found excruciating to watch. Two close-ups of the dripping syringes preparing itself for penetration were sufficient to establish it as the diabolic phallus of a cruel technology. Friedkin made intelligent use of the animative power of the close-up and for his purposes, it was a smart directorial step though I'm sure the needle-screwing-the-vein sequence has been used time and again on film. But aside from this brilliant phallic syringe, Friedkin's construction of an impersonal bureaucratic technology (i.e., the white-coated witch doctors who meet with Ms. McNeil around a huge conference table are played like Putney Swope's idea of the members of the board) makes the same kind of superficial anti-technological description as Michael Crichton's *Westworld*. The toy-world moral statement which is quaint and instructive in the old sci-fi flicks is trite and over-bearing here.

The "somatic possibilities" are finally exhausted and so are the brain boys who, it seems, would just as soon go home and forget it. There is a scene between Doctor and Mother in a dim-lit hospital room (with cryptic brain X-rays lining the walls) where, in desperate whispers, it's made clear that from here on in, Regan is to be considered a Dead Thing. "She had so much to look forward to," Chris weeps. "We were going to take a vacation."

The task before us is nothing less than resurrection. If there's a fable of a fable to be found in *The Exorcist* it's about a last rite that refuses to be what it is—a symbolic gesture—and so turns on itself and the darling victim with a necrophilic vengeance. (The raising of Lazarus from the dead may have been an affair more messy than the abridged accounts of the gospels would indicate.) But it's not yet time to call the exorcist. Chris takes her psychiatric option. "We gotta find a shrink," she says to her secretary as she returns home. More shallowness, more fake bravura to compensate. So from the crass impersonalism of scientific-reductivism (that temporal lobe!) we move to the clinical-poetic buffoonery of Freudian hypnosis.

The court of hypnosis convenes in the MacNeil house study. Chris, the secretary, and another doctor look on as the Regan-demon, sitting catatonic in a big armchair, is interrogated by the analyst. It's not a minute gone in the interview when Regan-demon grabs the analyst by the scrotum and sends him squealing to the floor.

Have I neglected to mention that up to this time Regan has also flung chest-of-drawers about her room with psycho-kinetic finesse, desecrated a statue in the church, gouged her vagina prim-rose red and rubbed her mother's face in it, murdered the movie director and screwed his head on backwards? If I haven't I should so that you will understand why Chris MacNeil is wrought enough to take the advice of the flippant technician and seek the services of an exorcist.

She disguises herself and arranges for a meeting with Father Damien Karras ('twas fate!) whom she has spotted standing out with machismo saintliness in the crowds surrounding her movie set and whom we have met in the (psychologically!) seminal sub-plot. "Where do I find an exorcist?"

(Continued on page eleven)

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EVENTS & entertainments

(Continued from back page)

television

Saturday, March 30

2:30 p.m.—NBA Play-Off. The Chicago Bulls match the Detroit Pistons in this Western Conference contest. (Channel 19)

4:00 p.m.—Coaches All-Star Basketball Game from Dayton, Ohio, with a bunch of good ole boys. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Alpha Caper" strictly routine yarn about a daring plan to heist \$30,000,000 in gold from six armoured cars—even good ole Henry Fonda is in on the action. Yawn. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Battle of Culloden" is a devastating study of warfare set in 1746 Scotland, where a documentary study of the battle between Bonnie Prince Charlie and the English is recreated. Recommended—saw it the first time it ran. (Channel 35, ETV)

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "Little House on the Prairie" is all about a family trying to make it on the Kansas frontier. With a bunch of people I've never heard of. (Channel 10)

10:00 p.m.—Special. "Grammy Salutes Oscar", an hour of tributes to the songs that have won Academy Awards. With (whoppeee!) Frankie Avalon, Rosemary Clooney (she still alive?) and a host of other has-beens. (Channel 19)

10:00 p.m.—Theatre in America has "Feasting With Panthers"—a play set in the mind, memory and imagination of bad-boy Oscar Wilde. The story takes place in the jail where Wilde was incarcerated for two years following his trial for "sexual misconduct." Fascinating viewing. (Channel 35, ETV)

11:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Desperate Hours", a classic suspenseful film about a trio of escaped convicts who invade a family's home. With Humphrey Bogart as the leader of the pack and Fredric March, doing what comes naturally. (Channel 19)

Sunday, March 31

12:30 p.m.—Meet the Press has machismatic Moyshe Dayan, Israeli Minister of Defense being interrogated (oops! interviewed!) with Lawrence Spivak moderating. (Channel 10)

2:30 p.m.—NBA Play-Off, an Eastern Conference game between the New York Knicks and either the Capitol Bullets or the Buffalo Braves—nobody knew just who at press time. I think I'll read. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m.—Special. "The Movies" is a whopping four-hour program featuring great moments from 110 films. The second portion will be broadcast in two-parts, but this first portion includes "Bullitt's" chase scenes, Garbo's "Queen Christina", Dietrich's "Blue Angel", Jolson as "the

Jazz Singer", "Casablanca", "Hud", "The Graduate", "Some Like It Hot" and endless other great moments in film history. Settle down with some popcorn and beer—and take it over to a friend's house with a color set. (Channel 25)

10:00 p.m.—Firing Line has wild-eyed Bill joining the fray for the 1973 Equal Rights Amendment debate betwix Phyllis Schlafly ("I lak bein' a housewife") who opposes the law, and Dr. Ann Scott, who has lobbied for its passage. (Channel 35)

11:00 p.m.—Silent Classics features "The Scarlet Letter", made in 1926, an excellent version of Hawthorne's classic, with Lillian Gish as Hester Prynne (the bad woman who had a child by her pastor). It's all coming back to me—remember ninth grade English class, anybody? (Channel 35, ETV)

Monday, April 1

8:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Girl on the Late, Late Show" has Gloria Grahame (who really is on the late, late show) as an aging movie star doing the "Sunset Boulevard" schtick. With South Carolina's Own Movie Star Cameron Mitchell, the poor little match boy. (Channel 10)

9:00 p.m.—"The Movies, Part Two" is the conclusion of the documentary with great moments from "The Gold Diggers of 1935", "A Star Is Born", "Adams Rib", "Gone With the Wind", "Citizen Kane," and a plethora of other films. Watch it! (Channel 25)

9:30 p.m.—Movie. "Honky Tonk" follows the exploits of two hapless con men (no doubt inspired by "The Sting") operating in the boom towns of the Old West. With Richard Crenna and Stella Stevens. (Channel 10)

10:30 p.m.—Woman features Betty Freidan analyzing the impact of the women's movement. (Channel 35, ETV)

Tuesday, April 2

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Moon of the Wolf" follows a search for a mysterious beast that rips its victims to shreds and all that good stuff. With David Janssen and Barbara Rush. (Channel 25)

10:00 p.m.—The Oscars. The usual stuff with everybody smiling at each other and hating each other. But it's a tradition—I'll probably be fool enough to watch it. (Channel 10)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "Enter Laughing" is a great autobiographical comedy about the life of Carl Reiner. With Reni Santoni. (Channel 19)

Wednesday, April 3

8:30 p.m.—Hallmark Hall of Fame has "Crown Matrimonial", a behind the walls of Buckingham Palace view of the Wallis Warfield Simpson—King Edward controversy. With Greer Garson as the Queen Mother. The play was a hit—and the presentation should be at least adequate. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Gun and the Pulpit" with Marjoe in a rather vapid flick

about a gunslinger posing as a preacher. (Channel 25)

10:00 p.m.—NBC News Special Edition includes a look at the war on cancer and the strides and setbacks of the past few years, the sad plight of Soviet ballet stars Valery Panov and his wife, who have been held prisoner in Moscow being prevented even from dancing and from leaving the USSR together, and a look at Charles Bronson, an American actor who has made it big on the European film scene. (Channel 10)

11:30 p.m.—Geraldo Rivera: Goodnight America has the newsman (Kurt Vonnegut's son-in-law) taking a look at "the world's oldest profession" and looking at the jet set—both sides, with William F. Buckley, George Hamilton, Michael York and the King and Queen of Bulgaria. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "Situation Hopeless—But Not Serious" has Alec Guinness and a young Robert Redford in the story of two GIs who become prisoners of an eccentric shopkeeper in wartime Germany. (Channel 19)

Thursday, April 4

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "Dr. Max" with Lee

EXORCIST

continued from page ten

she asks our Father who turns out to be a hip rationalist by replying (in gentle good faith) "Take a time machine back to the sixteenth century." "Well," replies Chris with more than a hint of tearful smugness, "I just happen to have somebody who is probably possessed and badly in need of an exorcism."

Young Father Karras—after a few visits with Regan-demon, in, of course, a "psychiatric" capacity, comes around to exorcism. He comes around it for no other reason than the fact that the Regan-demon has committed murder and presents a clear-and-present danger and...since they're all in this together ... he'd best try the last resort and petition the Church for permission to exorcise so they can clean up the mess before the law arrives. At least, this is the only rational or irrational explanation I can find for the detective character (Lee J. Cobb) who snoops around all through the movie parallel to every plot line but who, it must be said, doesn't miss a trick, having seen the correlation between the murdered director's 180 degree backward glance and the red Mochican dildo strapped to the statue of the Holy Mother in the Church.

The exorcism is granted; Father Lancaster Marin arrives, quiet and majestic, and greets Father Karras who defers to the master as a protegee should. After all these many movie minutes of disengagement, we

J. Cobb as a Baltimore physician and all the problems of his practice and his family. Snore. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.—Dick Cavett with a look at the Loud family, who appear to discuss how their interminable lives have changed for another interminable time. (Channel 25)

Friday, April 5

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Family Kovack" about a closely knit family trying to prove the oldest son innocent of bribery. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "K is For Killing" with lush Gayle Hunnicutt and her oooky husband in this yarn about a private-eye team trying to prevent the murder of a millionaire. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "THX 1138" concerns a subterranean city of the future where sex is forbidden—not that's going a bit too far, don't you think? Tune in for the goings-on. (Channel 19)

1:00 a.m.—Midnight Special with the Righteous Brothers, the Staple Singers, and Paul Williams with the New Riders of the Purple Sage.

are greeted with—or so we think—a solid dependable country doctor on a cold pneumonia winter night. We sigh relief. Father Marin carries a little black bag. The Regan-demon upstairs bellows a challenge and the Father wastes no time in checking his tools: Holy Water? (Ready) Rosary? (Ready) Purple Cloth? (Ready) Exorcism Rite Books? (With hymns? Yes, Father. Here it is.) This was not, as you see, for me a historic moment of cinematic suspense. I only hope prints of *The Exorcist* will survive into a new Enlightenment where a future Woody Allen can re-dub them and underscore the scene where the Fathers trudge up the stairs to do battle against the demon with a philharmonic track of "When the Saints Go Marchin' In."

Both priests are cut down in the line of duty: old man Marin with a heart attack and young Father Karras with a suicidal swan-dive from Regan's bedroom window. Karras (what existential soldierly courage!) tosses himself on the pin-loose grenade by daring the demon to leave the girl and enter him. It does, Karras' eyes tilt "Green!", and bang, before you can cross yourself, he's out the window to save mankind.

And that heartless audience, the giggle again. They giggled when Regan wet herself on the living room rug. And, it's my fearsome duty to report, they roared at the statue desecration. Hurrah, hurrah for a healthy heathenism, notches above the rank superstition that drove the witches from Salem and the devils from Loudon. Hurrah. Hurrah. Hurrah.

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EVENTS & entertainments

March 30 - April 5

Edited by Julie Byrum

cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last-minute changes in schedules.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Three Tough Guys" with Isaac Hayes and Fred Williamson. Another lovely blaxploitation, violence flicker. Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. Rated R.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Whatever Happened to Ms. September?" and "Icebox." Thaw 'em out, friends and neighbors. Shows continuous from 3 p.m. for all you late-comers. (And it's always rated X.)

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Bamboo Gods and Iron Men"—need I say more? At your own risk, shows are at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. Rated R.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Quirk"—Oh, no—I'm not saying a word this week, except that all of us have them. If you want to see it, you can push your way through the grey suits at lunchtime 'cause the box office opens at 12:45 p.m.—watch the seat-shifting until the feature starts, etc. Rated X for dirty.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1110

"Midnight Man" with Burt Lancaster, and South Carolina's own (well, Richland County's) Rep. Weems Baskin as the lazy bartender and S.C. Movie Star and poorboy Cameron Mitchell in this tale of murder at a small southern college (Clemmons). The only reason for taking the time, trouble, and gasoline (not to mention the admission prices) to see this film is to occasionally see someone you know or someplace you've been. Times are 2, 4:30, 6:40, and 9 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1110

"Billy Two Hats" with Lucy's Desi Arnaz, Jr. and Gregory Peck—and boy, does he look mean in this one. Proceed cautiously—ask someone who's seen it what's it's like—I haven't, and won't. Shows at 1, 3:55, 5:45, 7:35, and 9:25 p.m. Rated R.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Exorcist". The only really nauseating and frightening thing about this film (with the exception of the hospital scenes) are the admission prices—\$3 a head. Keep it cool—and read Dan Lackey's review/notes on page 10 of this issue.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Plaza, Cayce, 796-0022

"The Adventures of Robin Hood" with the original swashbuckler (well, not counting Douglas Fairbanks) Errol Flynn, lady love Maid Marion played by Olivia DeHavilland, and meanie Basil Rathbone. Shows for this fantastic movie are 1:10, 3, 4:50, 6:40, and 8:30 p.m.

On Sunday, March 31, *The Gang's All Here* a Busby Berkeley musical extravaganza with Carmen Miranda starts at the Gamecock. Unfortunately, it's only here for a short time. So if you're a Miranda fan or like splashy musicals, the show times are 1:20, 3:30, 5, 6:50, and 8:40 p.m. Rated PG.

On Wednesday, April 3, "The Way We Were" comes back to Columbia for a third go-round. If you haven't seen it, this may be your last chance at an indoor movie house. Call the theatre for times.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Plaza, Cayce, 796-0022

Oh, joy! "Billy Jack" is still here. (Snore) Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 p.m.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Sting" is great fun. With Paul Newman and Robert Redford in the



Carmen Miranda in "The Gang's All Here" at the Gamecock I Theatre.

con-movie of con-men in the Thirties. Show times are 2:20, 4:40, 7:00, and 9:20 p.m. But, what I'm really waiting for is *The Great Gatsby*, which starts April 10 at the Jefferson Square. This has to be the movie of the year—with Robert Redford, Lois Chiles, Sam Waterson, and Mia Farrow as Daisy.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1225 Main Street, 256-1050

I think that "The Last Detail" is still on at this theatre, but since it's almost impossible to call them, don't take my word for it. This is a terrific film with shows at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.

The Three Musketeers will be playing here very shortly, but since I hardly ever can get a hold of the theatre, I'm not sure exactly when. I saw this one at a special preview showing after "The Last Detail" and it is superb entertainment—lots of beautiful French scenes—The Tuileries and gardens and countryside of France—and replete with good actors and exquisite costumes. Michael York as D'Artagnan, Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain, Simon Ward, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Charlton Heston (as Richelieu!), and Geraldine Chaplin "star" in this romp of a movie. Do yourself a favor and go see it when it comes.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"The All The Way Boys" with the Trinity Gang (whoever that is). Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. Starting Wednesday, April 3, is "Conrack" with Jon Voigt as South Carolina's own Pat Conroy, the teacher on Daufuskie Island, S.C. who wrote a book about his experiences teaching poor black children while fighting an outmoded and uncaring school system. (Sob!) We heard mixed reports of this one—so will reserve judgement until later.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Billy Jack." Anybody want to raid a projection booth with me? Shows are at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 p.m. Late show Saturday night is crazyman Mel Brooks' new comedy about a black sheriff in a western town (old timey) "Blazing Saddles" is at 10 p.m. Don't miss it!

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"Treasure of Jamaica Reef" Whoopie. Call the theatre for times. But it only lasts until Sunday, March 31, when "Man on a Swing" comes. The box office person thought it had Joel Grey in it but she wasn't sure. Wait and see before you go.

CAMPUS FILMS

All films at USC's Russell House Theatre are free to USC students, faculty, and administrative staff (except for those films whose rentals merit charging \$1.00). Some of the best films in Columbia come to this small theatre, so find yourself a

willing student if you aren't lucky enough to be one yourself.

Sunday, March 31

"Contempt" (Italy, 1964). Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. With Brigitte Bardot Jack Palance and Fritz Lang. This Italian film by a French, German and American cast is set in Rome. Made by Godard before his Marxist shift, the plot concerns movie-making in Italy. 103 minutes. Preceding this film and running through Wednesday, April 3 is a short entitled "The Cinema of Raymond Fark," a little known and underrated "master of film."

Monday, April 1

"Hitler's Executioners" (Germany, 1958). The first German film about Hitler, this documentary deals with the rise and fall of Hitler. Using the Nuremberg Trials, the film covers all the facets of the Nazi era. 78 minutes.

Tuesday, April 2

"The Red Tent" (Italy, 1971). With Peter Finch, Sean Connery, and Claudia Cardinale. The story of the ill-fated 1928 Italian dirigible expedition to the Arctic. Beautifully photographed and with a superlative musical score. 121 minutes.

Wednesday, April 3

"Shadow of a Doubt" (U.S.A., 1943) Unanimously considered Hitchcock's first American masterpiece. The story of the ambiguous relationship between a niece and her uncle, both named Charlie. This is a truly suspenseful and horrifying film, and Hitchcock develops an exact Dickensian portrait of small-town Americana as his background of terror. 79 minutes.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 4 through 6

"Romeo and Juliet" (United Kingdom, 1968). Directed by Franco Zeffirelli. The youngest performers every to professionally play Shakespeare's star-crossed lovers appear in this incredibly lush version of the classic tear-jerker. 138 minutes. The cost is \$1.00.

music

Camerata Woodwind Quartet will be performing on April 5 at Fraser Hall on the University of South Carolina campus corner of Senate and Pickens Streets at 8:00 p.m. Beautiful music and totally free—celebrate spring with this performance.

art

The paintings of Ilona Royce Smithkin will be displayed at the Picricorn House, 1601 Richland Street in Columbia. The Picricorn House is a lovely old home in the originally fashionable residential section of Columbia; it's a delight to visit for any reason, but Ms. Smithkin's work is well worth the viewing. The exhibit includes a collection of portraits and nudes in full oil, light oil, and sanguine (red-sepia

sketches), evocative and delicately excuted. Ms. Smithkin is known for her lush and beautiful nude compositions of the female body. She maintains studios in New York and Provincetown, Massachusetts. Go out to see for yourself.

Kaleidoscope: The Arts is the theme of Richland County School District Two's third annual district-wide arts festival to be held April 1-5. Displays, projects and concerts will be featured while students from schools in the districts will participate. Call the school district office for details of the festival.

An Arts and Crafts Exhibition will be held at the Central Correctional Institute on Sunday, March 31 at 2:30 p.m. until 11:00 p.m. I imagine the arts and crafts are made by inmates at CCI and other correctional facilities, but the invitation didn't say this—you should call CCI to find out.

An exhibit of the work of independent photographers from Columbia is now on view at Fotografie, 1524 Washington Street. Go on down and see for yourself.

theatre

The Emperor's New Clothes, a special children's presentation will open Tuesday, April 2 at Workshop Theatre under the able direction of Betty Hudgens. Workshop does fantastic children's shows—just think you can get rid of the kiddies and they can have a fantastic time seeing the foolish, vain ruler whose vanity gets the best (and the worst) of him. The play will run through April 13 but for April 8 and April 12 when the theatre is dark. Additional matinee performances at 2 p.m. will be presented on Saturdays and Sundays. Call Workshop for details at 252-5758.

specials

Representative Robert Woods of Charleston County will be featured guest speaker during the fifth annual observance of the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., at 5 p.m. April 7 at the Zion Baptist Church in Columbia. The Richland County Citizens Committee sponsors the annual memorial.

A River Raft Race is being sponsored by the University in association with the Carolina Paddlers and is scheduled for Saturday, April 6 at the Saluda-Congaree Rivers (or should I say "in") beginning at noon. The race is open to everyone and information can be obtained by calling the USC Travel Center at 777-6460—know what you're doing

A short course on Fundamentals of Auctioneering will be offered by the University of South Carolina Division of Educational Services Thursday evenings April 11 through May 2 from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m.

The Columbia Music Festival Association will present the **Norwegian National Ballet performing "Romeo and Juliet"** on April 3, 8 p.m. at Township Auditorium. Tickets are now on sale for this special gala performance at the Music Festival office at the corner of Pickens and Senate streets (across from the USC School of Music).

Columbia Audubon Society will present another one of its film series "The Bahamas—Top to Bottom", showing tropical seas and the life within. The films are shown at the USC Business School Auditorium, at the corner of Barnwell and Pendleton Street at 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday, April 2. Don't miss it.

A special premiere of "Conrack" will be presented at the Palmetto Theatre on April 2 at 2:00 p.m., sponsored by the S.C. Council on Human Rights' consumer interest group, Public Voice. Tickets are \$5.00 each and you will get to meet all the folks from Public Voice and to guzzle some champagne in the lobby. Hmmm...

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